THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, December 9, 1805.

The HISTORY *of an unfortunate* GENIUS.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

I Shall begin this letter with informing you, that my greatest misfortune, throughout the period of my existence, has been my being imagined always too clever. From hence has arisen that miserable concatenation of disasters, which have invariably tormented, and has raised such a host of difficulties about me, as will infallibly overwhelm me. I do not mean to give you a minute account of my life, nor wish to gain your pity; what I wish to do is to induce some body to make their child an honest tradesman, instead of a starving gentleman.

The youth of most men pass alike; forward boys are imagined clever, and thoughtful ones are supposed to be stupid. You will readily suppose I was among the former; and the foremost of the former was I in every respect.

Training up in a liberal style without a penny of prospect, I ran through my studies with inconceivable alacrity, and although my mother stinted herself to supply my wants, (I had lost my father when I was very young) she heard such flattering reports of my progress, as to induce her to imagine me already in possession of the seals, and those self-deprivations gave no pain. She died soon after, and I burst out at once a meteor on the world, with ninety-five pounds in my pocket, but with such a store of accomplishments as could not fail to render the whole world subservient (in my opinion) to my beck, and obedient to my call. I hastened to that young man's heaven, London, the theatre of every thing great and every thing infamous; and here, Sir, I first met with a disappointment, severe indeed, particularly to a person who had been led to expect that every one would

be ready to bear witness to his convivial powers, his talents for argument, and extent of information; every one did ample justice to my abilities, but left me to seek applause by myself, ending their remarks with this comfortable assurance, that I could not want employment, I was so very clever.

This was certainly a change to me; from having been the object of court while at college, so suddenly to have it changed to a kind of dignified solitude, a kind of armed neutrality, left to indulge myself with my own remarks, and no opposition, no charming opposition, to render my life comfortable. In short, I had met with several, before whom my powers of argument were quickly dispelled, my fund of information equalled, and my talents in repartee, if not excelled, at least blunted so, that I had not spirits to advance them but in self-defence.

My money was gone long before this, and I had been obliged, for subsistence, to exert myself in some of those daily papers which are a medley of lies and deception; but in this employment my health soon began to be impaired; my spirits flagged, and I had recourse to the never-failing asylum of men in want —I turned my thoughts towards the army. It being then wartime, I found little or no difficulty in acquiring a commission in the only scientific regiment then in the service, I mean the artillery. Here I expected to tread (if not the most classic ground) at least that path which is algebraically laid out; and that my steps should be invariably guided by the doctrine of projectiles. But, would you believe it, Mr. Printer! I protest I found as great *ignoramuses* as in any other walk in life, and a set of men who had read the ascribed works of Aristotle infinitely oftner than those of Antoni. The want of a sufficient number to choose from, is one principal cause of this deficiency of scientific men; and a quick and honorary method of rewarding such as distinguished themselves, since promotion would not do, as the whole regiment proceeds by gradation.

My being ordered off to Scotland very shortly after my inauguration into this corps of *luminati*, gave me some hopes of emancipating myself from the shackles of difficulties into which I had immerged myself; but at the same time I lost every opportunity of making myself known to higher powers, and some how or other, I found my society after the first year grow very contracted. My military society was pretty much the same, composed for the most part of fools, consisting chiefly of fencible officers, who were either taken from the plough tail, or from behind the counter. You will not wonder that I should prefer myself to these "sons of the earth," and that I should hold myself considerably aloof from such company; but whether it was the exclusive affection that reigns throughout Scotland for their own country, to the utter rejection of every one else,

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(and particularly Irishmen) save a great man, I do not know, but here I found a number of hours hang heavy on my hands, whilst the untutored cubs were revelling in every social enjoyment, which that place afforded. I cannot think that there was any want of sociality in me, and I have reason to believe that my person was not so intolerable; but certain it was, my solitary hours far exceeded my moments of society, and I had ample leisure to ruminate upon the cleverness which they universally ascribed to me. Notwithstanding this solitude, I possessed a certain pride, or rather folly, which led me into numerous extravagancies, which had no excuse in nature, and which were ultimately my ruin; place it to my wishing to outdo my co-equals in lustre, and to eclipse them personally as well as mentally, if you please, but certain it was, I ran a career of the most heedless profusion, which in the end crushed me. After sojourning in Scotland (that seat of the arts) for seven years, (another transportation!) I was obliged to throw up my commission, and betake myself once more to my wits: thus fell the ephemeron of the day!

That the motive which induced me to launch out into that scene of dissipated extravagance, did not partake of the amiable, I am ready to acknowledge: it was evidently to raise the envy of my companions, and must sooner or later end in their disgust or dislike. It is no excuse to say that they were worthless; for, as to be the object of hatred and indignation, gives more real pain than all the evils which any brave man can possibly fear from his enemies; so there is a secret satisfaction in being beloved, and thought well of, which, to any person of delicacy, any one of sensibility, is of infinitely more consequential importance to happiness, than all the advantage he can ever hope to derive from it. It is from this consideration that we begin to discern between the social and unsocial passions: while every thing amiable emanates from the one, and as disagreeable arises from the other; the open, animating glow of confidence, opposed to the chilling, refrigerating cool of suspicion: the one the effect of ingenuous nature—

——Arte, natura potentior omni,
Est Deus in nobis, agitante calescimus illo,

the other the mixture of hypocrisy and pride. To the want of this intrinsic pacificator of the passions, I attribute that sullen *sang froid* and *hauteur* which is so much my characteristic; it arose from my being early initiated into adversity, and being when very young, the sport and prey of designing men: how much this would have been avoided, had my early youth been bred up to work at some trade, or have followed employment in a counting-house, I leave you to judge; my time would have

been occupied, and instead of dancing attendance at a great man's gate, I might this day be turning over the leaves that might bring me countless thousands. I remember a school-boy who was always opposed to me, and who, on account of his stupidity, was always the butt of my ridicule, now annually in the receipt of thousands, and I should be very glad if he would ask me to dinner.

The life of a soldier gives rise to any other passion but that of diligence, and although they have (in this country at least) more time upon their hands than they know what to do with, yet they employ that frequently to the worst of purposes. It was not to be supposed that I could reap much advantage in that line; and indeed I seldom or ever read any thing that could further me in my profession. Unless a person be brought up with a certainty of a fortune, I am convinced that some certain occupation should be found for him, independently of the learned professions; by these means he will have something to recur to, and prevent his becoming afterwards a burthen to himself or his friends: the return to diligence is the hardest effort that the human mind is capable of making, and the uncertainty of employment renders every step more difficult and laborious: for to use the words of an agreeable novelist, "it is as unpleasant to be alone in the midst of the desarts of Arabia, as to be in the middle of Leadenhall market without six-pence in your pocket:"—not to mention the want of an accurate estimation of our own talents, which (as we seldom under-rate them) we are most commonly given to think very extensive, ready to overcome any difficulty, and capable of assailing any danger: the

——————Æstuat ingens
Uno in corde pudor, luctusque, et conscia virtus,

will be of no use; art must be assailed by art, and every effort strengthened with magnanimity and resolution.

Thus, Sir, from the first period since my animal life has ceased, I have been the sport of fortune, and a butt for the shafts of disappointment; there is no prospect open for me; all is gloomy and comfortless; and although the pleasures of this life are but few, I am sorry to be obliged to confess that I have not learned to bear their loss without regret.

VERAX.

The BAG *of* GUINEAS.

THE elegant mansion in Hill-street, Berkeley-square, for many years inhabited by the Hon. Mr. M'Kenzie, late lord

lord privy seal of Scotland, and uncle to the present marquis of Bute, became, at the death of that venerable and much-respected nobleman, the property of the present primate of Ireland, who resided in it for several years. His clerical duty calling him from England, he let it to the present Lord Morpeth, son to the earl of Carlisle, who lived in it two years.

The primate returning from Ireland last year, again occupied his mansion. But being obliged a second time to return to Ireland, the house was a few days ago let to Lord Bruce, son of the earl of Aylesbury, who, on examining several parts of the furniture, and not finding them modern enough for his lordship's taste, ordered them to be replaced by some of a more suitable family.

The moving a very antique bureau, which was one of the cabinet pieces of furniture in Lady Betty Mackenzie's chamber, and which, being considered useless, was never locked, the wife of Lord Bruce's coachman, on whom the superintendance of this business devolved, thought the bureau, on being cleaned, might serve for holding her clothes. In taking out one of the secret drawers, for the purpose of cleaning it, she perceived, to her utter astonishment, a large canvas bag, which, on being lifted, burst, and out flew guineas in every direction.

The woman immediately shut the drawer; and as soon as his lordship came home, informed him of the matter in these words: "There, my lord, there is more gold than ever I saw before; take it; your lordship knows best what to do with it; I do not; it does not belong to me." His lordship took the drawer, and counted the money, which amounted to 401 guineas, which, after some consideration, he sent to be lodged in the Bank, until the real owner can be found.

On the Advantages and Disadvantages of a Residence in the Country.

To the EDITOR,

SIR,

WHAT happiness am I to expect from an exchange of a city life, its noise and dissipation, for the tranquil scenes of rural retirement? is a question that perpetually occurs to a large part of the community. An examination of the query can scarcely fail, therefore, to excite some considerable portion of interest.

The romantic have not been more sedulous in decking the shades of pastoral seclusion with charms and advantages, than our moral essayists in pourtraying the oppressive evils of village retirement.

retirement. Johnson leads the way, with a terrific account of a templar that sought felicity amidst hills and valleys, and found the inhabitants so far remote from innocence and simplicity, that he was cajoled into the purchase of a blind horse, which threw him, alas! while surrounded by an elysium of scenery into a ditch, dangerous and muddy, in spite of its rusticity. Knox follows, with a piteous detail of orchard robberies, rural scandal, and persecuting tythe-gatherers. More serious objections, however, occur, which they have omitted, and numerous favourable circumstances which they have neglected to specify.

Such various motives actuate the different votaries of rural felicity, that a hasty solution of our enquiry is unattainable. The ardent and the youthful, fresh from the poets, and ignorant of mankind, pencil a fascinating picture of hallowed woodlands, deified streams, and smiling meadows. Over these, they possibly describe the fantastic revelry of Oberon and his train; —and when mere human subjects are necessary to the design, it is a chance if they are not imagined with crooks in their hands. That these are the visions of fancy alone is evident; but let not the disappointed visionary fly from the plains in disgust. The fault lies in his heated imagination, not in the realms which he has presumed to enter "an unbidden guest."

But the majority of persons seeking happiness in rustic seclusion, are of a different description: the merchant, grown rich by barter, and the soldier, laden with the gems and blood of eastern regions, these have as mistaken an idea of the country as the youthful enthusiast. The colours are as false, though less vivid. Fatigued by business, they believe idleness must be a luxury. They have proved the gay world fertile in knavery, and fondly imagine the recluse presents an opposite. Trace them to retirement: the exhausted eye reposes on the still harmony around; and for a term all is tranquillity and heaven. But the powers of contrast soon fail. The tints of rural scenery, too delicate to dazzle, shortly fade, unless sentiment preserve their being. The enriched man of the world has been engaged in pursuits very different from such as disclose the beauties of nature, and the philosophy of rural œconomy. He is too old to learn; too much the child of habit to become the favoured pupil of nature. Accustomed to exertion, indolence is insupportable. In vain every rural pleasure tries its influence. The manners of those who mix in the enjoyment are offensive; and our deluded merchant perceives, too late, that he has not brought a palate to the pastoral feast. For relief he flies to sensuality, or dwindles, by degrees, to a state of vapid insipidity.

The retirement of the country is esteemed peculiarly desirable to the man of letters. The soothing peacefulness of rural scenery is assuredly favourable to a philosophic calmness of

mind, and the privacy of an eremite is readily attainable in a sequestered village; but I doubt whether our student will not find his mental repose too absolute. The exhaustion of literary labour requires a perpetual stimulus. In the country all invites to indolence. The silent operations of vegetable nature seem to discountenance bustle and hurry. No contemporary exertions awaken emulation. The voice of applause sinks to a murmur before it reaches the shades of rural life. The bow relaxes, and all vigour flies from the string.

In vain the votary of the muses, seated on the brow of the mountain, or in the shade of the vale, seeks to express the big feelings that swell in his bosom. The presence of the admired object restrains the excursion of fancy; but when the poet muses amid the discordant uproar of the city, imagination flies to the contrary scenes of pastoral simplicity: the powers of poetry are now joined to the feelings: the trembling fancy chalks out the flow of the cataract, the awful gloom of the forest, and bestows new splendour on the mellow rays of the setting sun; and what she delineates lives in rapturous verse. I should entertain no very high opinion of that man's judgment, who did not fix his residence in a populous city, if he wished to describe, with enthusiasm, a favourite spot in North Wales.

To whom then, it will be asked, is the country desirable as a residence, in point of rational enjoyment? To this, I reply, by venturing to mention my friend, the pleasant, happy, and sociable Lothario—who has long resided in an obscure part of the country, with increasing satisfaction. It was the happy lot of this gentleman to be denied that superfluous share of wealth that tempts to the errors of luxury. He was trained to a profession which he practised with credit for some few years, and then retired to a cottage, which he improved with considerable taste. Finding the charms of novelty to be short-lived—that the spread of scenery was not so forcibly captivating after the first few weeks, and that continued seclusion must be carefully managed, to be rendered so great a blessing as some imagine, he applied to the arts, for aid against the enervating powers of solitude. His pencil conjured up a fresh elysium, when familiar scenes failed to attract; and, by studying the principles of the picturesque, he daily became a more ardent admirer of the beauties of nature. The most common object contained delight for him. The moon which merely lighted his more opulent neighbours, from the country assembly, presented to his eye an object of awful grandeur, as she glittered through the clump of pines, or boldly surmounted the heavy clouds of evening. Music, too, lent its assistance to counteract the potent bane of tedium and satiety. This auxiliary dispelled all sort of chagrin, at the absence of public entertainments. The music of a new opera was easily procured, and fancy soon pictured the bustle, the applause, and the glitter of a crowded audience. In short,

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he enjoyed the exhibition, without expence or inconvenience. Poetry, and the lighter speculations of philosophy, were too closely connected with the circumstances of his residence to be neglected, and these formed a perpetual fund of recreation. Astronomy elevated his imagination; and fresh pleasures continually arose from an attention to the simple, but sublime movements of nature, in every particular of the vegetable kingdom, from the road-side daisy to the wonders of the forest.

By this little outline, I would merely wish to enforce the persuasion that an exercise of mind is necessary to the full enjoyment of rural life. The refined skill of a practitioner may not be attainable to all: but all may encourage a relish for those arts which embellish and dignify rational retirement. To paint a landscape with the genius of a Loutherbourg, is the privilege of few indeed, but all may catch a spark from the flame, and by analizing the principles of pictorial harmony, learn to estimate duly the displays of rural scenery, which gather fresh attractions for the observant eye from every change of season. To such, no prospect can ever cloy, on repetition; for it will be a picture whose tints are perpetually varying. On comparing the inhabitants of a smiling country, with the nymphs and swains described in the visions of poetry, the mind turns disgusted from the examination:—here our *amateur* finds the excellency of his study, for he views the labourers busied in the fields around a village, merely as the living subjects in a picture, with the gross feelings of whom he has no manner of intercourse.

An attention to the operations of nature will never fail to expand the sentiments, and enliven the imagination. The mere country 'squire, or purse-proud country justice, finds no enjoyment in treading the paths to which he is accustomed, though spring lavish her treasures at his feet. Of what superior advantage is the country to these men? Such are the persons who term a country life dull, without a gay and convivial neighbourhood. Cheerful society is ever desirable; but let no man look for content in village retirement, who has not learned, or is not willing to acquire, the art of exercising his faculties so as "never to be less alone than *when* alone."

For him nature spreads her inexhaustible stores of speculation, in all the thousand forms of simple beauty, wheresoever he bends his way.—"God made the country, and man the town," says the didactic poet. According to this impressive axiom, the man who directs his pursuits, so as to extract pleasure from the tranquil exhibitions of nature, needs not hesitate in giving a preference to rural seclusion. While persons, those of uncultivated feelings, sink in retirement, to apathy or sensuality, he will discover, in every fresh day, new sources of estimable enjoyment;—springs of action so beneficial to the head and heart,

that he may safely defy orchard-robbers, tythe-gatherers, and dishonest horse-dealers, to interrupt his happiness.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

RURICOLA.

MEMOIRS *of the* LIFE *of* LORD NELSON.

THE public will read with avidity every authentic particular that can be collected of this truly illustrious character. Joshua White, Esq. has just published an interesting work respecting this ever to be lamented hero, from which we shall make a few extracts. We shall begin with the following elegant sketch of his character.

Since the foundation of England's maritime greatness, never has any name blazed forth with such glory in her annals as the immortal name of Nelson, and never, perhaps, has any nation produced an individual more justly entitled to renown. Whether we consider his ardent and disinterested patriotism, his undaunted intrepidity, his promptitude both in decision and execution, his patient perseverance, his extraordinary modesty, unaffected piety and unparalleled achievements, or the qualities of his heart, generous, tender, affectionate, and benevolent, we are at a loss for terms sufficiently strong to express our admiration of a character so truly dignified and distinguished.

When we farther reflect that his great soul had to struggle against complicated evils to which nature or chance had subjected him, that though clogged with a body oppressed, emaciated, exhausted with sickness, suffering, and fatigue, his mind soared above all the inconveniencies of mortality, and seemed animated with new energies, in proportion as his dangers and his difficulties increased, we shall almost be tempted to look upon him as something more than human. Educated in the school of hardy enterprize, no perils could appal, no disappointments could discourage him in the prosecution of his purposes. Influenced by no motive, save the welfare of his country and the desire of glory, he rose by regular gradations, as his sphere of action became more enlarged, from achievement to achievement, the last invariably eclipsing the former, 'till he at length filled the whole earth with his fame, and raised the influence and the reputation of Britain to a height before unprecedented.

But, alas! the idol of his country is no more! He has closed his career of glory by a work which will place his name so high on the tablet of immortality, that succeeding patriots can only gaze with enthusiasm, scarcely hoping to reach the envied elevation; while a nation's tears, to the latest period of time, will drop upon the page of history that records the fall of the hero.

"Wept, lov'd, and honour'd," he fell in the arms of victory, who was twining fresh laurels round the brows of her favourite son, bequeathing to his country his glory, and to the world the brilliant example of his transcendent virtues.

Horatio Nelson was the fourth son of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, rector of Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, by Miss Catherine Suckling, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Suckling, prebendary of Winchester. He was born at the parsonage-house of Burnham on September 29, 1758. His mind was early taught those principles of piety and religion by which his conduct through life was so eminently distinguished.

The following instance of his behaviour is recorded, and seems to be indicative of that daring hardihood which formed such a conspicuous feature of his character. Of these few are on record; the following anecdote has, however, been preserved: being on a visit when quite a child, at his grand-mother's at Hilborough, he, one day, went out a bird's-nesting, with a companion of about his own age. The hour of dinner arrived, but Horatio never made his appearance. The old lady became alarmed, and dispatched messengers different ways in quest of him. The young ramblers were, at length, discovered under a hedge, counting over the spoils of the day. His grandmother began to scold him for being absent without permission, and concluded with saying, "I wonder fear did not drive you home."—"Madam, (replied Horatio, innocently,) I never saw fear."

At twelve years of age young Nelson was taken from the school at North Walsham, by his uncle Captain Maurice Suckling, who received him on board his own ship, the Raisonnable, of 64 guns. The altercation respecting the Falkland Islands, which occurred about this time, being soon adjusted, the Raisonnable was paid off. Captain Suckling then placed him on board a West India ship, under the care of Mr. John Rathbone, who had served under him in the Dreadnought. With Mr. Rathbone he made one voyage; and he was then received by his uncle, in July, 1772, on board the Triumph, which was then at Chatham.

Horatio Nelson by his voyage to the West Indies, was greatly improved as a seaman; and on his return Captain Suckling told him, that if he attended with diligence to his duty, he should be permitted to go in the cutter and decked long-boat, attached to the ship of the commanding officer at Chatham. This operated on the mind of his nephew as he wished, and the consequence was, that young Nelson became an excellent pilot for vessels of that class which sailed from Chatham to the Tower of London, or down the Swin Channel to the North Foreland. Each subsequent trial of navigating difficult passages inspired him with a sense of his own ability, and created that confidence in himself which

which is the essential characteristic of a fearless and undaunted mind.

Early in 1773, two vessels were fitted out by government for a voyage of discovery towards the north pole. Its object was to ascertain how far it was possible to sail in that direction, to decide for ever the long agitated question concerning the practicability of a north-east passage into the Pacific Ocean, and to make such astronomical observations as might prove of service to navigation. The Race-horse and Carcase bomb-ketches were fitted out expressly for this expedition; the command of the former was given to Captain Phipps, (afterwards Lord Mulgrave) and the latter to captain (now admiral) Lutwidge. A voyage in which so much was to be seen and learned, excited the ardent curiosity and enterprising genius of young Nelson, and filled him with an irresistible desire to make one of the party. The dangers they were likely to encounter only served to stimulate his ambition; and though instructions had been issued, that no boys should be received on board, yet he was so earnest in his solicitations to be appointed coxswain to Captain Lutwidge, that this officer, struck with the undaunted resolution he manifested to be employed in such an arduous undertaking, received him in that capacity, and thus laid the foundation of a friendship which continued without abatement through every subsequent period of life.

The ships sailed on the 2d of June, and during the voyage our youthful coxswain conducted himself in such a manner as to obtain the particular notice of Captain Phipps. Abundant occasions presented themselves for the young navigator to display those eminent qualities of intrepidity and perseverance with which he was gifted. On the 31st of July the two vessels were in a most perilous situation off the Seven Islands, a cluster situated to the north of Spitzbergen, in latitude 80 deg. 14 minutes. Here they suddenly found themselves fast amid immense fields of ice.

In this dilemma the ships' companies endeavoured to cut a passage to the westward by sawing through pieces of ice, some of which were twelve feet thick, but with so little success, that their utmost efforts, for a whole day, could not move the vessel more than three hundred yards. In this dreadful state they remained nearly five days, during which Horatio, whose mind glowed with increased energy at the sight of danger, obtained, after repeated solicitations, the command of a four-oared cutter, with twelve men, for the purpose of exploring channels and breaking the ice. On the 10th of August, a brisk wind springing up at N. N E. effected their deliverance from this precarious situation, and Captain Phipps, finding it impracticable to penetrate farther northward, returned to the harbour of Smeerenberg, on the coast of Spitbergen.

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The cool intrepidity possessed by our young mariner, even amid scenes so dreadful and foreboding, is evinced by the following anecdote.—During one of the nights, which in these high latitudes are generally clear, young Nelson, notwithstanding the extreme bitterness of the cold, was missing from the ship. Immediate search was made after him, but in vain, and every one gave him up for lost. As the rays of the rising sun illumined the horizon, he was, however, discovered by his astonished messmates, at a considerable distance on the ice, armed with a single musket, in anxious pursuit of a prodigious bear. The lock being injured, the piece would not go off, and he had pursued the shaggy animal in the hope of tiring him, and being at length able to effect his purpose with the butt-end. Being reprimanded on his return, by Captain Lutwidge, for quitting the ship without permission, and asked, in a severe tone, what motive could induce him to attempt such a rash undertaking; the young hero, with great simplicity replied: "I wished, Sir, to get the skin for my father!" We are at a loss which to admire most, the matchless courage of the youth, or his ardent desire to afford pleasure to his worthy parent.

(To be continued.)

MR. FOX'S EPITAPH *on the* BISHOP *of* DOWN.

A Monument, studiously plain and unadorned, well executed by Mr. Rossi, is just put up to the memory of that truly respectable prelate, the late bishop of Down, in the new burying ground (belonging to St. James's church), in Tottenham-court-road. The circumstance which chiefly distinguishes this tribute of surviving affection to departed virtue, is the inscription upon the tablet—written by Mr. Fox. Like most other works of a real genius, the principal characteristics of the composition are simplicity and truth of portraiture.—The words are as follow:

"Under this stone lie interred the mortal remains of the right reverend William Dickson, late bishop of Down and Connor, whose memory will ever be dear to all who were connected with him in any of the various relations of life. Of his public character, the love of liberty, and especially of religious liberty, was the prominent feature: Sincere in his own faith, he abhorred the thought of holding out temptations to prevarication or insincerity in others, and was a decided enemy, both as a bishop and a legislator, to laws whose tendency is to seduce or to deter men from the open and undisguised profession of their religious opinions, by reward and punishment, by political advantages, or political

tical disabilities. In private life, singular modesty, correct taste, a most engaging simplicity of manners, unshaken constancy in friendship, a warm heart, alive to all the charities of our nature, did not fail to conciliate to this excellent man the affections of all who knew him. But, though the exercise of the gentler virtues which endear and attract, was more habitual to him, as most congenial to his nature, he was by no means deficient in those energetic qualities of the mind which command respect and admiration. When roused by unjust aggression, or whatever the occasion might be that called for exertion, his mildness did not prevent him from displaying the most manly and determined spirit; and, notwithstanding his exquisite sensibility, he bore the severest of all human calamities, the loss of several deserving and beloved children, with exemplary fortitude and resignation.—He was born in February, 1745—was married in June, 1773, to Henrietta Symes, daughter of the Rev. Jeremiah Symes, was preferred to the bishopric of Down and Connor, in December, 1783, and died on the 19th of September, 1804, deeply regretted by all the different religious sects that composed the population of his extensive diocese; by acquaintances, neighbours, and dependents, of every condition and description; by his children, his friends, and his country; and, most of all, by his disconsolate widow, who has erected this stone to the memory of the kindest husband and the best of men.

"C. J. FOX."

Copy of a Letter written in the Year 1657, by the Duke of Lauderdale, to one of his Friends.

SIR,

IT is sad that the Sadducean, or rather atheistical denying of spirits, and their apparitions and possessions of persons, should so far prevail, as I find it does at present; but why should we wonder at it, in such an age of infidelity as this? since those who will not believe Moses and the prophets, we know, will not be convinced, though one should rise from the dead. But for me, may Heaven ever defend me from such hardness of heart; and indeed, I count it no small mercy to me, that I have had signal proof, and even ocular demonstration of the truth of a real and certain possession of spirits, which I propose a relation of, as the business of this letter.

There was, some years since, in the town of Dunce, in the Mers, a poor and ignorant woman, who was generally believed to be possessed by an evil spirit; I myself often saw her, and never doubted it; and I well remember that the minister of the place, a learned, an ingenious, and a godly man, made no scruple of affirming

affirming the same to all persons; and himself often visited her, and readily attended strangers who were desirous of the same satisfaction.

This pious gentleman even went so far as to apply to the king's privy council, to whom he also brought the written attestations of twenty neighbouring ministers to the truth of the fact, for a warrant to keep days of humiliation for her; the powers of certain bishops, however, hindering, at that time, any such fast to be kept, prevented this godly intention.

These persons, moreover, were not to be made to believe that this was a real possession. I wonder not, indeed, at these gentlemen's disbelief of possessions in general, if they have seen what I myself have, of the baseness and roguery of the church of Rome, in their tricks of this sort, in order to make a merit or miracle in dispossessing; but think they might have given a fuller credit to this, where there were attestations of so many godly persons to the truth of a fact, and no intent of a sham dispossessing, or any other deceit.

As to the pretended French miracles of this sort, I was myself, I remember, at London, at the time when there were a thousand strange stories reported and books written about the possession of the Loudon nuns; and being desirous to be an eye-witness of the truth, I went to see them, not doubting but that it was possible for the Devil to possess a nun, as well as any other person. But, alas! I was strangely disappointed; for this was no other than a trick, nor did I see any thing there, but a company of wanton wenches pretending to be possessed, singing many bawdy songs, in French, and playing a thousand odd indecent tricks, in which, however, though they had been well taught, they were nothing to compare to our tumblers and rope-dancers, and one of them with the letters IHS and MARIA JOSEPH in her hand, which, they told us, were written by miracles, but which, I am confident, was done only by aquafortis. I was quite tired with this foolery, and spoke my mind about it pretty freely in the hearing of a certain Jesuit, who still however affirming that those were actual possessions, I desired leave to speak to them in a different language, and was promised by the holy father, that I should be answered in the same; but when I told them I should speak in a language that neither he nor any one would understand, he told me very gravely, that perhaps the devils had not travelled. On this I left the place, with a proper contempt, and heard afterwards in the town, that the whole was in reality a cheat, and the main intent of it was to prove witchcraft upon an innocent person, the curate of the place, whose name was Cupis, who had been converted from their religion, and whom they at last burnt for a wizard.

Not long after this, being determined to know the truth or falsehood of another famous story of this kind, I went to Antwerp

werp to see a number of possessed persons, as they were called, exorcised; but in truth, all that I saw there was a number of gross Dutch wenches suffer exorcism patiently, and belch most roaringly; so that if they were possessed with devils, they seemed to be very windy devils: but to me they appeared only possessed with a large morning draught of too new beer. Some few of them did indeed make much squeeking and resistance, before they would adore the host held up to them by the priest; but all I wonder at in this, was the wondrous blasphemy in the exorciser, in saying to the pretended Devil, "Prostratim adoribus Creatorem tuum quem digitis tenes." "Thou shalt prostrate, adore thy Creator, which I now hold in my hand."

If these bishops, I say, had seen these pretended possessions, I cannot wonder at their not readily believing a real one; but had they been eye-witness, as I myself was, of what (to return to my story from this long digression,) I am going to relate to you, I am very sure they would no longer have doubted the certainty of it.

The report, in short, of the strange things our Scotch woman uttered, being now spread over all the country; among a number of neighbouring gentlemen, my old friend, Sir James Forbes, who lives in the north of Scotland, being accidentally then at Edinburgh, and meeting there with the minister of a neighbouring place, intreated him to go with him to see her, and brought him with that intent to my father's house, which was within ten miles of the place where she lived, where I made one of the party, and the next day we went together to see her.

We found her, as the poorer sort thereabout generally are, a poor ignorant creature, who had never been taught so much as to read, and spent some time in conversation together, without seeing any thing of what we expected: for the woman shewed no signs of any thing extraordinary. The minister, on this almost out of patience, says to the knight, in Latin, "Nondum audivimus spiritum loquentem," "We have not yet heard the spirit speaking." And on this immediately there issued out of the woman's mouth, a voice in these words; "Audis loquentum, audis loquentem." "Thou now hearest him speaking, thou now hearest him speaking." This, from a poor creature, who they were sensible knew no tongue but her own, nor in truth the half of that, put the minister into such an amazement, that I think it made him not mind his Latin; for he immediately took off his hat, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, cried out, "Misereatur Deus pecatoris," "The Lord have mercy on this sinner." On which the spirit, to shew his skill in the language, immediately answered, "Dic peccatricis, dic peccatricis," Say on this female sinner, say on this female sinner." The spirit here corrects

rects the minister's false Latin. On this we were all perfectly satisfied of the truth of this report, and the reality of the possession; and this the more, because neither then, nor at any other time after, was there any attempt to dispossess her; and we all returned with great amazement to my father's house at Thirlestaine Castle.

I am, Sir,
Your faithful friend and servant,
LAUDERDALE.

FASHIONS *for* DECEMBER.

THE Trafalgar turban is much worn, and is extremely elegant; the crown of royal purple, with a Turkish roll of muslin, caught up in front, with the word Trafalgar, beautifully embroidered on purple velvet; it encircles an ostrich feather, or a sprig of laurel; white satin and velvet turbans of every description, trimmed with swansdown: many dress hats are also worn in satin and velvet, with ostrich feathers; half dress patent lace caps, in the veil style, with wreaths of small flowers; there is no material change in dresses; they are worn of white satin, lusters, imperials, lenos, worked and plain muslins, crapes *applique*, with white or coloured velvets. The morning dresses are made only walking length, with high collar, long sleeves, and bordered down the front and the bottom; they sit very tight over the bosom, and button behind. Velvet hats and bonnets, with long drooping feathers, to match the Trafalgar mantles, of pearl colour, French grey, bottle green, mulberry, Carmelite, and royal purple; the embossed border begins to give place to the chin chelly, and blue furs, which have a very elegant appearance in the pale colours; fawn colour Georgia cloth, trimmed with Isabella bear and branka, are quite as elegant as velvet, with muffs and tippets to match. The Angola shawls are also much worn. The mantles are certainly the most novel; though pelisses, with broad lace at the bottom, are equally fashionable; the prevailing colour, is royal purple, in honour of the navy; orange, fawn, pearl colour, mulberry, French grey and Carmelite. Shoes of different colours are universally worn. White satin pelisses and mantles, trimmed with rich swansdown, are most fashionable and elegant for brides.

London Walking and Full Dresses.

1. A Dress of coloured muslin, or crape trimmed with lace, to form a drapery, fastened behind with a bow of white ribbons;

lons; sleeves and the front of lace over a white sattin lining. Black velvet hat, ornamented with beads, and white ostrich feather; white shoes and gloves.

2. Black velvet pelisse with a stand-up collar, trimmed with plaited net, and fastened on the right breast with steel ornaments, and down the front; to match round the bottom with swans-down. Silver bear muff, and brown velvet bonnet.

N. B. Scarlet shawls have been lately much worn.

AN ANECDOTE.

TOMPION, the celebrated watchmaker, who in his time ranked as highly in the art to which he belonged as Sir Joshua Reynolds in the art of painting, or the duke of Marlborough in the art of war, was suddenly accosted one day by a person called Walker, who was a very inferior workman in the same line. Not recollecting his face, Tompion's behaviour was rather distant. "What! do you not know me?" exclaimed Walker. "Not immediately," replied Tompion. "That is odd," said the other, "for you and I are the most famous men of our professsion in the metropolis." Observing Tompion was surprised, he added, "It is very true; *you* are famous for being the *best*, and *I* for being the *worst* watchmaker in London."

A QUESTION, *by J. Davey, of St. Just.*

A Man thus left, who died of late,
To his four sons a fine estate;
Whose form triangular must be;
Its bound'ries in the margin see.†
He gave his first-born Abraham
The greatest parallelogram
That can be formed within his farm,
Free from what's partial, and from harm.
He gave his second, John, I find,
The greatest corner left behind;
The greatest next, he gave to Paul;
To Mark, his youngest, least of all.
Ye correspondents, kind and sage,
Whose labours oft adorn this page,
Old Hodge has try'd, and try'd again,
Now dares all mensuration vain,
Their father's purpose to fulfil,
But, Sirs, they hope you'll do it still:
Come, try your mathematic art,
And find, for each, his lawful part.

† The three sides are 60, 80, and 100 chains respectively.

Answer, by R. Perring, of Kingsbridge, to Eugene's Rebus, inserted September 23.

BRAVE NELSON! late Britannia's proudest boast!
May such as him protect our happy coast!
Keep Gallia's sons from this our happy isle,
Where peace and plenty greet us with their smile.

☞ We have received similar answers from J. Lewis, of Poole; J. Day, of Winborne; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; Corporal Ninnis, of St. Agnes; J. Lake, of Exeter; T. Wotton, of Newton Bushel; H. Lewan, of Grampound; S. C Moore, of Hornwell-House; Adrianus; P. Codd, jun. of Dean Prior; Primrose, of Taunton; R. Thomas, of Kingsbridge; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; Palemon, of Malborough; T. W. Z. a north country sailor at Exmouth; F. Arden, of South Petherton; W. Pollard, of Egloshaye; J. Codd, jun. of Dean Prior; Devoniensis; and T. Bullock, of Columb.

Answer, by J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis, to Adrianus's Charade, inserted Oct. 7.

AS soon as I your lines had scann'd,
CHATHAM I found at my command.

*** Similar answers have been received from John Woodman, jun. of North Curry; J. Lake, of Exeter; a north country sailor at Exmouth; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; Palemon, of Mevagissey; Sylvanus, of Awliscombe; Devoniensis; J. Lewis, of Poole; R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; J. Day, of Winborne; W. Pollard, of Egloshayle; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; J. and P. Codd, of Dean Prior; W. Gregory; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; and H. Glasson, of Crowan.

Answer, by a North Country Sailor, at Exmouth, to Primrose's Charade, inserted September 30.

I Think if you join PO and LAND,
You'll find that POLAND's near at hand.

*** Similar answers have been received from R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; Sylvanus, of Awliscombe; J. Lewis, of Poole; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; J. Codd, jun. of Dean Prior; Devoniensis; and T. Bullock, of St. Columb.

A CHARADE, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

MY second from my first doth spring,
With constant verdure crown'd;
My whole if you'd with ease now bring,
In Flora's bower 'tis found.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Ashburton.*

AVAUNT my first! and never more,
Disturb the haunts of men;
My second is where whirlwinds roar,
And where my third was slain;
My fourth commemorates the day,
My fifth arose again;
My sixth are still upon the sea;
My seventh adorns the plain:
Collect these parts, and you'll behold
What is more excellent than gold.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

LINES *on the* DEATH *of* LORD NELSON.

WHILE o'er the trophies of the brave we smile,
And thank the providence that guards our isle,
Tho' shouts of victory rend the echoing skies,
A mingled sorrow dims Britannia's eyes.
For he is gone! our country's boast and pride!
Who for that country fought, subdu'd, and died.
Mourn, Albion! mourn, and bid your rocks deplore,
The good, the gallant Nelson is no more.
Along your cliffs, along your crowded strands,
Where smiling commerce plies her busy hands,
Lift up the monumental pile on high,
Sacred to Nelson and to victory!
There, while your future sons his name survey,
And read the conflicts of his glorious day,
Each kindling heart shall catch the warrior's fire,
And burn, like his, to triumph or expire.
Remember, Britons! tho' the sacred tear
Descends with manly sorrow on his bier,
Remember there's another duty still,
The brave expect it, and the just fulfil;
If in the seats of everlasting day,
His soul immortal should the work survey;
Or, if his sainted spirit hover o'er,
The h nour'd confines of his native shore;
Touch'd with your ardent gratitude, he'll smile,
And prove a guardian angel to your isle.

J. NORRINGTON, *Plymouth.*

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

A MONODY *on* LORD NELSON's DEATH.

By PASCO, *a Soldier in the Royal Cornwall Regiment of Militia.*

BRAVE NELSON! ever crown'd in love,
His soul is gone to God above;
His name s' all sound from shore to shore
'Till Britain's victory be no more.

He took a long farewell below;
No more he'll strike at Britain's foe;
His name by all shall be ador'd,
Belov'd on earth, and by his Lord.

He said he'd never strike nor yield,
But die like Britons in the field;
He fought the French with vigour strong;
Behav'd quite valiant all along.

Death finish'd has his mortal days;
He's gone to sing his Maker's praise;

He's

He's crown'd, we hope, in Heaven above,
With joy and everlasting love.

He'll know no more of war's arms,
But rest within his Saviour's arms.
We hope and trust his name will reign
While British heroes rule the main.

We hope there's some will drop a tear
Unto his wife and friends most dear,
And God to be their constant friend
His love and mercy will extend.

Let those that rule upon the main,
Like him still rule, and not in vain!
But let their name, like his, be spread
Thro' Britain's kingdom now he's dead.

He is no more! you'll feel his loss;
Britons strike home whate'er it costs:
Then sure like him you'll win the day,
And wing your airy flight away.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

On the DEATH *of* LORD NELSON.

ALAS! old England's glorious chief is fled!
The British hero's number'd with the dead!
Britannia mourns, and all her sons deplore,
That their bright star, brave Nelson! is no more.
Around her shores are heard the mournful strains
Which damp the joy upon the conquest gain'd.
He was belov'd, ador'd, a patriot true,
A braver hero this earth never knew.
He who so oft had brav'd the shafts of death,
In victory's arms has now resign'd his breath!
Fearless of danger he each foe defy'd,
He liv'd victorious, and he conquering died!
His gallant heart disdain'd a life of ease,
His country call'd, he sought the boist'rous seas.
The splendid actions that his valour won,
Proclaim'd that he was victory's darling son;
For while the Nile shall lave fam'd Egypt's shore,
Or Copenhagen's city shall endure,
While Vincent's rock, and Trafalgar of fame,
Shall stand, they'll echo with brave Nelson's name;
And while Britannia rules the watry main,
She will avenge the godlike hero slain.

Exeter. P. COVE.

AN IMPROMPTU.

THO' shouts of triumph rend the sky?
Why still prevails the mournful sigh?
Why does a gen'rous nation weep?
While heroes wreaths of laurel reap.

He's gone! the noble spirit's fled,
And Nelson mingles with the dead!
The brilliant star—a navy's guide,
Has shed its lustre, and has died.